



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

TRADITIONAL BALLADS IN NEW ENGLAND. II.

IX. THE GYPSY LADDIE.

A.

Taken down by an operative in the Stillman Woollen Mills, Stillman, N. S., from the singing of an old man. Communicated by E. E. D., Cambridge, Mass.

- 1 The Gypsy Daisy came riding o'er the plain,
He sang so loud and clearly,
He sang till he made the green woods ring,
And charmed the heart of a Lady.

REFRAIN, — Red Lady dingo, dingo day,
Red Lady dingo, dingo Daisy;
Red Lady dingo, dingo day,
She 's away with the Gypsy Daisy.

- 2 "Come saddle me my old brown hack,
The gray one is not so speedy,
I 'll ride all day, and I 'll ride all night,
Till I overtake my Lady."

- 3 He rode till he came to the riverside,
The waters flowed so freely,
The tears down his cheeks did flow,
And then he saw his Lady.

- 4 "Could you forsake your house and home,
Could you forsake your baby,
Could you forsake your own wedded Lord,
And go with the Gypsy Daisy?"

- 5 "Yes, I 'll forsake my house and home,
Yes, I 'll forsake my baby,
Yes I 'll forsake my own wedded Lord,
And go with the Gypsy Daisy.

- 6 "Last night I lay on a bed of down,
The Land Lord lay by me;
To-night I 'll lay on the damp cold ground,
Along with the Gypsy Daisy."

B.

Communicated to me March, 1904, by M. B., Fall River, Mass.

- 1 Last night I slept in a warm feather bed,
And in my arms a baby;
To-night I 'll lie on the cold, cold ground,
In the arms of Gypsy Davy.

REFRAIN, — Raddle daddle, dingo dingo day,
 Raddle daddle, dingo daisy,
 Raddle daddle, dingo dingo day,
 I 'm gone with the Gypsy Davy.

2 "Oh, how could you leave your house and land,
 Oh, how could you leave your baby,
 Oh, how could you leave your true wedded lord,
 To go with the Gypsy Davy?"

3 "What care I for your house and land,
 What care I for your baby,
 Or what care I for my true wedded lord, —
 I 'm off with the Gypsy Davy!

4 "I never loved you in all my life,
 I never loved your baby,
 I married you against my will,
 And I 'm off with the Gypsy Davy!"

C.

Communicated to me September 16, 1904, by M. L. J., Lynn, Mass., as sung over fifty years ago in Swansea, Mass.

The Gyp - sy came rid - ing o'er the field, The
 Gyp - sy he sang gai - ly, He sang till he made the
 mer - ry woods ring, And he charmed the heart of the
 La - dy. Al - ly al - ly ding, al - ly
 ding, al - ly da - day, Al - ly al - ly ding, al - ly da - day.

1 The Gypsy came riding o'er the field,
 The Gypsy he sang gaily,
 He sang till he made the merry woods ring,
 And he charmed the heart of the lady.

REFRAIN, —Ally ally ding, ally ding, ally da-day,
Ally ally ding, ally da-day.

- 2 So when the master he camê home,
Inquiring for his lady,
The servants made him this reply, —
“She ’s gone with the Gypsy Davy.”
- 3 “Now bring me here my good black horse,
The brown one he is lazy,
For I will neither eat nor drink (sleep)
Till I overtake my lady.”

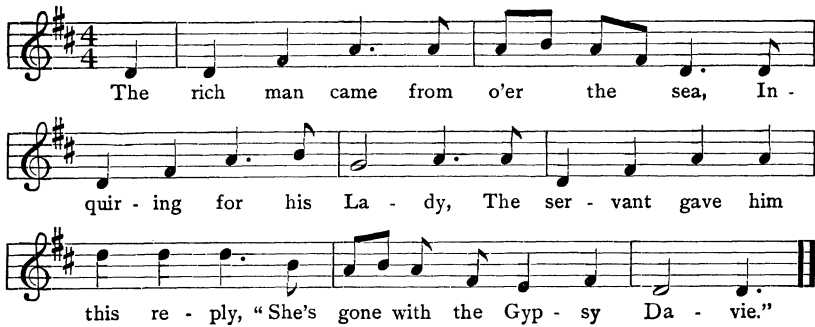
D.

Taken down June, 1904, by I. L. M., Vineland, N. J., from the recitation of a lady living in Nantucket, Mass.

- 1 The Lord returned to his castle gate,
Inquiring for his Ladye,
The servant maid to him replied,
“She ’s gone with the Gypsy Davie.”
- REFRAIN, — Raddle daddle ding, daddle ding, daddle ding,
Raddle daddle ding O Davie.
- 2 “Go saddle my black, go saddle my brown,
My brown it is most speedy ;
I ’ll ride all night, and I ’ll ride all day,
Till I overtake my ladye.”
 - 3 He rode all night, and he rode all day,
And he overtook his ladye,
.
Along with the Gypsy Davie.
 - 4 “Can you forsake your house and home,
Can you forsake your baby,
Can you forsake your own true love,
To go with the Gypsy Davie ?”
 - 5 “Yes, I ’ll forsake my house and home,
Yes, I ’ll forsake my baby,
Yes, I ’ll forsake my own true love,
To go with the Gypsy Davie !
 - 6 “Last night I slept on a warm feather bed,
Along with my sleeping baby ;
To-night I ’ll sleep on the cold, cold ground,
Along with the Gypsy Davy.”

E.

Communicated to me April 7, 1904, by S. A. F., Providence, R. I.



- 1 The rich man came from o'er the sea,
 Inquiring for his Lady,
 The servant gave him this reply, —
 "She's gone with the Gypsy Davie."

REFRAIN, — Rattle dattle ding, O rattle dattle day,
 Rattle dattle ding O daisy.

F.

Communicated March, 1904, by M. B., Fall River, Mass.

- 1 The Gypsy came from o'er the hills,
 She sang so loud and boldly,
 She sang so loud it made the green woods ring, —
 They called her the Gypsy Daisy.

REFRAIN, — Raddle raddle ring, O raddle raddle ray,
 Raddle raddle ring O rarey,
 Raddle raddle ringo, raddle raddle ray,
 She's gone with the Gypsy Daisy.

- 2 "Saddle up the dark bay horse,
 The white one's not so speedy,
 I'll ride all night, I'll ride all day,
 Till I overtake my Daisy!"
- 3 "Yes, I will leave my house and land,
 Yes, I will leave my baby,
 Yes, I will leave my true wedded lord,
 To follow the Gypsy Daisy."

G.

Contributed by E. E. D., Cambridge, Mass.



X. LORD RANDALL.

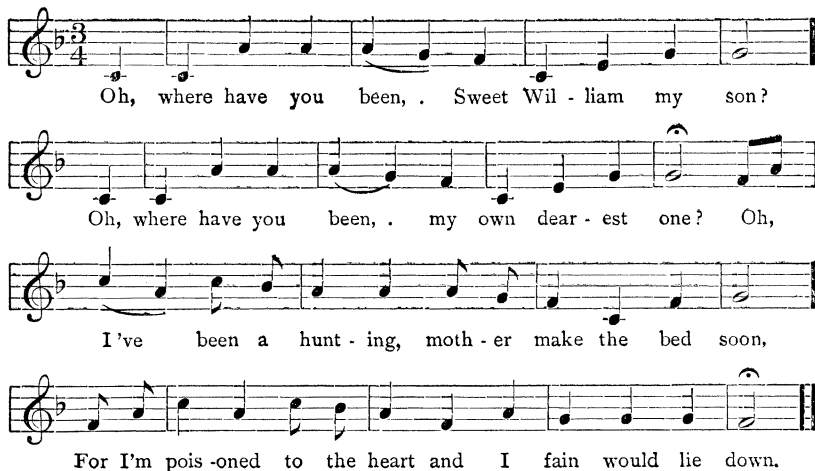
A.

Contributed by M. L. S., Newport, R. I., August, 1903, as taken down from the recitation of a lady over eighty years of age, who learned it about 1875, from a nephew, since deceased.

- 1 "Oh, where have ye been, Lord Lantoun, my son?
 Oh, where have ye been, my handsome young man?"
 "Out with the hounds, mother make the bed soon,
 I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie doon."
- 2 "Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Lantoun, my son?
 Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"
 "I dined with my leman, mother make the bed soon,
 I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie doon."
- 3 "What ate ye to dinner, Lord Lantoun, my son?
 What ate ye to dinner, my handsome young man?"
 "Eels, stewed in damsons, mother make the bed soon,
 I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie doon."
- 4 "Oh, where are your hounds, Lord Lantoun, my son?
 Oh, where are your hounds, my handsome young man?"
 "They swelled and they died, mother make the bed soon,
 I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie doon."
- 5 "I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Lantoun, my son!
 I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"
 "Oh, yes, I am poisoned, mother make the bed soon,
 I'm weary with hunting, and fain would lie doon."

B.

Taken down by me September 21, 1903, from the singing of J. M. L., Hingham, Mass., a native of Springfield, Mass., where the ballad was sung eighty or more years ago.



Oh, where have you been, . Sweet Wil - liam my son?

Oh, where have you been, . my own dear - est one? Oh,

I've been a hunt - ing, moth - er make the bed soon,

For I'm pois - oned to the heart and I fain would lie down.

- 1 "Oh, where have you been, Sweet William, my son?
Oh, where have you been, my own dearest one?"
"Oh, I've been a-hunting, mother make the bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 2 "Oh, what have you been a-drinking, Sweet William, my son?
Oh, what have you been a-drinking, my own dearest one?"
"Oh, 't is ale I've been a-drinking, mother make the bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 3 "Oh, who gave it you, Sweet William, my son?
Oh, who gave it you, my own dearest one?"
"My Sweetheart, she gave it me, mother make the bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 4 "Oh, what will you give Father, Sweet William, my son?
Oh, what will you give Father, my own dearest one?"
"My horses and cattle, mother make the bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 5 "Oh, what will you give Mother, Sweet William, my son?
Oh, what will you give Mother, my own dearest one?"
"My love and my blessing, mother make the bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 6 "Oh, what will you give Brother, Sweet William, my son?
Oh, what will you give Brother, my own dearest one?"
"My sword and my pistol, mother make the bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart, and I fain would lie down."

- 7 "Oh, what will you give Sister, Sweet William, my son?
Oh, what will you give Sister, my own dearest one?"
"My gold and my jewels, mother make the bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 8 "Oh, what will you give Sweetheart, Sweet William, my son?
Oh, what will you give Sweetheart, my own dearest one?"
"Give her Hell and damnation, mother make the bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to the heart, and I fain would lie down."

C.

Communicated July 11, 1903, by A. M., with the following comment, "As sung by my mother, who would be more than one hundred years old, if living."



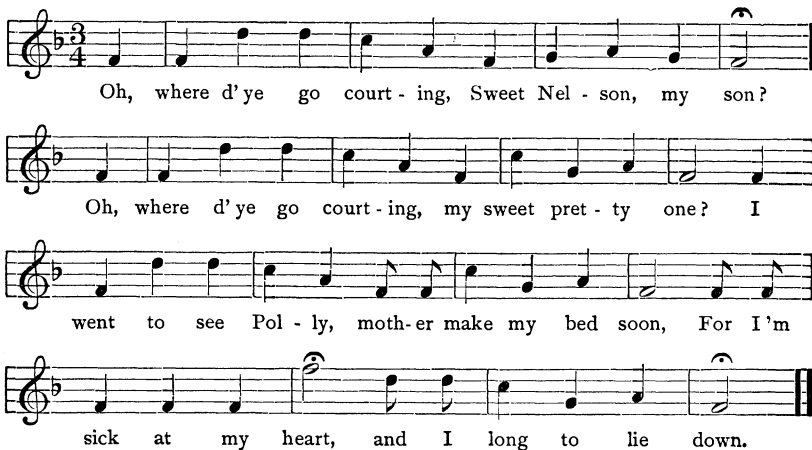
Oh, where have you been, . Fair El - son, my
son? Oh, where have you been, . my own dear - est
one? I've been out a - court-ing, moth - er make my bed soon,
For I'm pois - oned to my heart, and I fain would lie down.

- 1 "Oh, where have you been, Fair Elson, my son?
Oh, where have you been, my own dearest one?"
"I have been out a-courting, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 2 "Oh, what have you been eating, Fair Elson, my son?
Oh, what have you been eating, my own dearest one?"
"I've been eating eels, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 3 "What color were those eels, Fair Elson, my son?
What color were those eels, my own dearest one?"
"They were black, white, and yellow, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 4 "What you will to your father, Fair Elson, my son?
What you will to your father, my own dearest one?"
"A black suit of mourning, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I fain would lie down."

- 5 "What you will to your brother, Fair Elson, my son?
 What you will to your brother, my own dearest one?"
 "A black yoke of oxen, mother make my bed soon,
 For I'm poisoned to my heart, and I fain would lie down."

D.

Communicated December 3, 1904, by H. J. C., Concord, N. H., as sung half a century ago at neighborly gatherings in Hebron, Me.

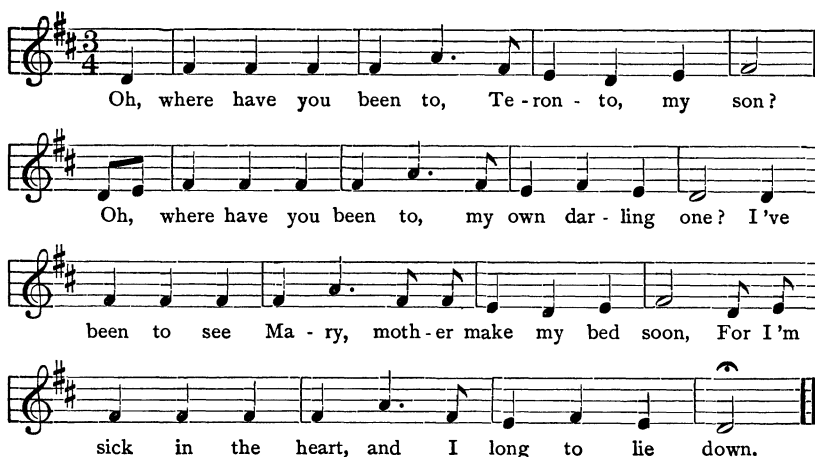


- 1 "Oh, where d' ye go courting, Sweet Nelson, my son?
 Oh, where d' ye go courting, my sweet pretty one?"
 "I went to see Polly, mother make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I long to lie down."
- 2 "What d' ye have for your supper, Sweet Nelson, my son?
 What d' ye have for your supper, my sweet pretty one?"
 "Speckled eels, fried in fat, mother make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I long to lie down."
- 3 "What d' ye leave to your father, Sweet Nelson, my son?
 What d' ye leave to your father, my sweet pretty one?"
 "My farm and farming tools, mother make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I long to lie down."
- 4 "What d' ye leave to your sister, Sweet Nelson, my son?
 What d' ye leave to your sister, my sweet pretty one?"
 "My purse and my jewels, mother make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I long to lie down."
- 5 "What d' ye leave to your Polly, Sweet Nelson, my son?
 What d' ye leave to your Polly, my sweet pretty one?"
 "The rope and the gallows. Oh, make my bed soon!
 For I'm sick at my heart, and I long to lie down."

- 6 "Oh, where shall I make it, Sweet Nelson, my son ?
 Oh, where shall I make it, my sweet pretty one ?"
 "Yonder in the churchyard, mother make my bed soon,
 For I 'm sick at my heart, and I long to lie down."

E.

Contributed November 5, 1904, by M. L. J., Lynn, Mass.



- 1 "Oh, where have you been to, Teronto, my son ?
 Oh, where have you been to, my own darling one ?"
 "I've been to see Mary, mother make my bed soon,
 For I 'm sick in the heart, and I long to lie down."
- 2 "What d' she give you for supper, Teronto, my son ?
 What d' she give you for supper, my own darling one ?"
 "Eels, fried in batter, mother make my bed soon,
 For I 'm sick in the heart, and I long to lie down."
- 3 "You 're pizened, you 're pizened, Teronto, my son !
 You 're pizened, you 're pizened, my own darling one !"

- 4 "What 'll you give to your Mary, Teronto, my son ?
 What 'll you give to your Mary, my own darling one ?"
 "A halter to hang her, mother make my bed soon,
 For I 'm sick in the heart, and I long to lie down."

F.

Communicated July 11, 1903, by E. J. B., Winchester, Mass., and traced back for three generations in Fredericton, N. B.

- 1 "Where have you been, dear Willie, my son ?
 Where have you been, my darling young one ?"

- "I've been to see my sweetheart, mother make my bed soon,
As I'm sick to my heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 2 "What did your sweetheart give you, dear Willie, my son?
What did your sweetheart give you, my darling young one?"
"Three little silver fishes, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 3 "What will you leave your father, dear Willie, my son?
What will you leave your father, my darling young one?"
"My coaches and horses, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at my heart and I fain would lie down."
- 4 "What will you leave your mother, dear Willie, my son?
What will you leave your mother, my darling young one?"
"My best milch cows, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 5 "What will you leave your sister, dear Willie, my son?
What will you leave your sister, my darling young one?"
"Many rings and diamonds, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 6 "What will you leave your sweetheart, dear Willie, my son?
What will you leave your sweetheart, my darling young one?"
"A rope for to hang her on yonder green tree,
'T is more than she deserves, for she's poisoned me!"

G.

Recited to me December 22, 1904, by E. J. B., contributor of F.

- 1 "Where was you last night, dear Willie, my son?
Where was you last night, my fond-hearted one?"
"I have been a-courting, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 2 "What did your sweetheart give you, dear Willie, my son?
What did your sweetheart give you, my fond-hearted one?"
"Three little silver fishes, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to the heart, and I fain would lie down."

H.


Recited to me November, 1903, by J. M., Boston, Mass., who heard it over forty years ago in Ireland.

- 1 "Where were you all day, my own pretty boy,
Where were you all day, my comfort and joy?"
"Fishing and fowling, mother make the bed soon,
For I'm sick to the heart, and I fain would lay down."

- 2 "What will you leave your father, my own pretty boy?
What will you leave your father, my comfort and joy?"
"My hounds and my horns, mother make the bed soon,
For I 'm sick to the heart, and I fain would lay down."
- 3 "What will you leave your sister, my own pretty boy?
What will you leave your sister, my comfort and joy?"
"My gold and my silver, mother make the bed soon,
For I 'm sick to the heart, and I fain would lay down."
- 4 "What will you leave your brother, my own pretty boy?
What will you leave your brother, my comfort and joy?"
"My coach and six horses, mother make the bed soon,
For I 'm sick to the heart, and I fain would lay down."
- 5 "What will you leave your true-love, my own pretty boy?
What will you leave your true-love, my comfort and joy?"
"Three ropes for to hang her, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."

I.

Communicated to me September 16, 1904, by J. E. W., Boston, Mass., as recollected by G. B.



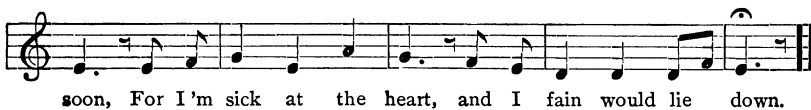
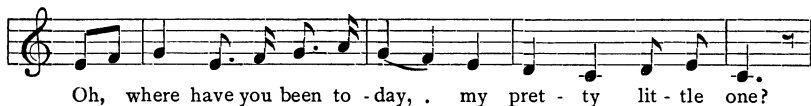
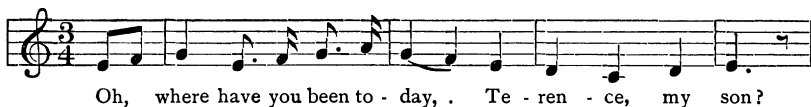
Oh, where have you been, Ty - ran - te, my son? Oh,
where have you been, my dear lit - tle one? I have been to my
grand moth - er's, moth - er make my bed soon, . For I 'm
sick at the heart, and would fain lay me down.

- 1 "Oh, where have you been, Tyrante, my son?
Oh, where have you been, my dear little one?" (poor?) (sweet?)
"I have been to my grandmother's, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and would fain lay me doon."
- 2 "Oh, what gat you to eat, Tyrante, my son?
Oh, what gat you to eat, my dear little one?"
"Striped eels, fried in batter, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and would fain lay me doon."

- 3 "Oh, where are your blood-hounds, Tyrante, my son?
 Oh, where are your blood-hounds, my dear little one?"
 "Oh, they swelled up and burst, mother make my bed soon,
 For I 'm sick at the heart, and would fain lay me doon."
- 4 "Oh, I fear you are poisoned, Tyrante, my son!
 Oh, I fear you are poisoned, my dear little one!"
 "Oh, yes! I am poisoned, mother make my bed soon,
 For I 'm sick at the heart, and would fain lay me doon."
5. "Oh, where shall I make your bed, Tyrante, my son?
 Where shall I make your bed, my dear little one?"
 "Make my bed in the kirkyard, mother make my bed soon,
 For I 'm sick at the heart, and would fain lay me doon."

J.

Recollected July 1903, by M. R. M., Newtonville, Mass., as heard sung more than sixty years ago.

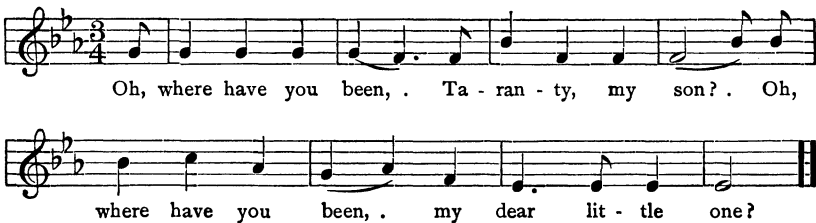


- 1 "Oh, where have you been to-day, Terence, my son?
 Oh, where have you been to-day, my pretty little one?"
 "I have been to see my grandame, mother make my bed soon,
 For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 2 "Oh, what did she give you to eat, Terence, my son?
 Oh, what did she give you to eat, my pretty little one?"
 "Fresh-water potted eels, mother make my bed soon,
 For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 3 "Oh, what will you give your father, Terence, my son?
 Oh, what will you give your father, my pretty little one?"
 "One half of my fortune, mother make my bed soon,
 For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."

- 4 "And what will you give your mother, Terence, my son?
And what will you give your mother, my pretty little one?"
"Ten thousand sweet kisses, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 5 "And what will you give your brother, Terence, my son?
And what will you give your brother, my pretty little one?"
"T other half of my fortune, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 6 "And what will you give your sister, Terence, my son?
And what will you give your sister, my pretty little one?"
"A thousand kind wishes, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 7 "And what will you give your grandame, Terence, my son?
And what will you give your grandame, my pretty little one?"
"A rope for to hang her, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."

K.

As sung for generations in the nursery in a family living in Pomfret, Conn., recorded by H. E. K., New York, N. Y.



- 1 "Oh, where have you been, Taranty, my son?
Oh, where have you been, my dear little one?"
"To see my grandmother, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and faint to lie down."
- 2 "What had you for supper, Taranty, my son?
What had you for supper, my dear little one?"
"Eels, fried in batter, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and faint to lie down."
- 3 "What was their color, Taranty, my son?
What was their color, my dear little one?"
"Green striped with yellow, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and faint to lie down."

- 4 “What will you leave your mother, Taranty, my son?
What will you leave your mother, my dear little one?”
“A coach and six horses, mother make my bed soon,
For I ’m sick at the heart, and faint to lie down.”
- 5 “What will you leave your sister, Taranty, my son?
What will you leave your sister, my dear little one?”
“A box of rich jewels, mother make my bed soon,
For I ’m sick at the heart, and faint to lie down.”
- 6 “What will you leave your brother, Taranty, my son?
What will you leave your brother, my dear little one?”
“A suit of fine clothes, mother make my bed soon,
For I ’m sick at the heart, and faint to lie down.”
- 7 “What will you leave your grandmother, Taranty, my son?
What will you leave your grandmother, my dear little one?”
“A rope for to hang her, mother make my bed soon,
For I ’m sick at the heart, and faint to lie down.”
- 8 “Where shall I make it, Taranty, my son?
Where shall I make it, my dear little one?”
“In a corner of the churchyard, mother make my bed soon,
For I ’m so sick at the heart, and faint to lie down.”

L.

Contributed May 6, 1904, by R. P. U., Cambridge, Mass., who traces it back for half a century in Charlestown, N. H.



What had you for sup - per, Or - lan - do, my son? What



had you for sup - per, my sweet lit - tle one?

- 1 “What had you for supper, Orlando, my son?
What had you for supper, my sweet little one?”
“Striped eels, fried in batter, mother make my bed soon,
For I am so weary, I fain would lie down.”
- 2 “You ’re pizened, you ’re pizened, Orlando, my son!
You ’re pizened, you ’re pizened, my sweet little one!”
:
:

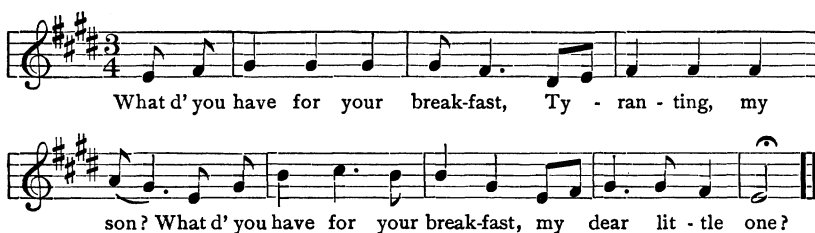
M.

Contributed by J. P. T., as recollected from childhood.

- 1 "Oh, where have you been, Taranty, my son?
Oh, where have you been, my dear little one?"
"I've been to see granny, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain would lie down."
- 2 "What had you for supper, Taranty, my son?
What had you for supper, my dear little one?"
"Fresh eels, fried in butter, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain would lie down."
- 3 "What will you leave father, Taranty, my son?
What will you leave father, my dear little one?"
"A purse full of money, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain would lie down."
- 4 "What will you leave mother, Taranty, my son?
What will you leave mother, my dear little one?"
"A box of fine jewels, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain would lie down."
- 5 "What will you leave sister, Taranty, my son?
What will you leave sister, my dear little one?"
"A coach and six horses, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain would lie down."
- 6 "What will you leave granny, Taranty, my son?
What will you leave granny, my dear little one?"
"A rope for to hang her, mother make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at the heart, and fain would lie down."

N.

Contributed January, 1904, by G. T. A., Boston, Mass., as sung many years ago by an Irish serving-man.

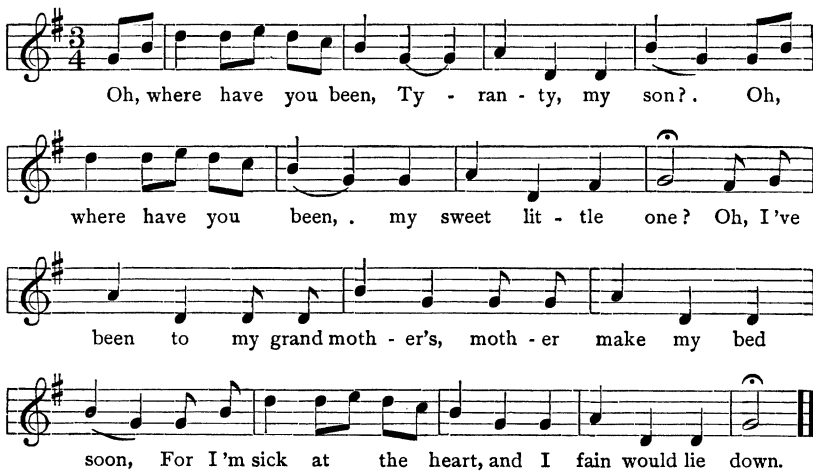


- 1 "Oh, what did you have for your breakfast, Tyranting, my son?
Oh, what did you have for your breakfast, my dear little one?"
"Striped eels, fried in butter, will you make my bed soon,
For I'm sick at heart, and I want to lie down."

- 2 "Oh, what did you leave to your mother, Tyranting, my son?
 Oh, what did you leave to your mother, my dear little one?"
 "A bag full of money, will you make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at heart, and I want to lie down."
- 3 "Oh, what did you leave to your father, Tyranting, my son?
 Oh, what did you leave to your father, my dear little one?"
 "The cottage he lives in, will you make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at heart, and I want to lie down."

O.

Communicated July 11, 1903, by L. W. H., Cambridge, Mass., in whose family it has been traditional for three generations.



- 1 "Oh, where have you been, Tyranty, my son?
 Oh, where have you been, my sweet little one?"
 "Oh, I've been to my grandmother's, mother make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 2 "Oh, what did you have for breakfast (supper), Tyranty, my son?
 Oh, what did you have for breakfast (supper), my sweet little one?"
 "Striped eels, fried in batter, mother make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 3 "Oh, what will you leave your father, Tyranty, my son?
 Oh, what will you leave your father, my sweet little one?"
 "My houses and lands, mother make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."
- 4 "Oh, what will you leave your mother, Tyranty, my son?
 Oh, what will you leave your mother, my sweet little one?"
 "A purse of red gold, mother make my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."

- 5 "Oh, what will you leave your grandmother, Tyranty, my son?
Oh, what will you leave your grandmother, my sweet little one?"
"A halter to hang her, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down."

P.

Contributed to me by E. W., Boston, Mass., as a "haunting memory of childhood."

- 1 "Oh, where have you been, Tyranty, my son?
Oh, where have you been, my sweet little one?"
"I 've been to grandmother's, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I want to lie doon."
2 "Oh, what did she give you, Tyranty, my son?
Oh, what did she give you, my sweet little one?"
"Striped eels, fried in butter, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I want to lie doon."
3 "Oh, what 'll you give to your granny, Tyranty, my son?
Oh, what 'll you give to your granny, my sweet little one?"
"A halter to hang her, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at the heart, and I want to lie doon."

Q.

Taken down by me October 11, 1904, from the recitation of J. G. M., Newbury, Vermont.

- 1 "Oh, where have you been, Fileander, my son?
Oh, where have you been, my sweet pretty one?"
"I 've been to see grandmother, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at my heart, and I want to lie down."
2 "And what did you have for supper, Fileander, my son?
And what did you have for supper, my sweet pretty one?"
"Eels, fried in fresh butter, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at my heart, and I want to lie down."
3 "Oh, what did you will your grandmother, Fileander, my son?
Oh, what did you will your grandmother, my sweet pretty one?"
"Hell-fire and damnation, mother make my bed soon,
For I 'm sick at my heart, and I want to lie down."

XI. THE DEMON LOVER.

A.

"The House-Carpenter," Broadside, printed about 1860, by H. DeMarsan, 60 Chatham Street, New York, N. Y. Transcribed by me, May 21, 1904, from a copy in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Mass.

- 1 "Well met, well met, my own true love,
Well met, well met!" cried he,
"For I 've just returned from the Salt Sea,
And all for the love of thee!"

- 2 "I might have married the King's daughter, dear,—"
"You might have married her,—" cried she,
"For I am married to a House-Carpenter,
And a fine young man is he!"
- 3 "If you will forsake your House-Carpenter,
And go along with me,
I will take you to where the grass grows high,
On the banks of old Tennessee!"
- 4 "If I forsake my House-Carpenter,
And go along with thee,
What have you got to keep me upon,
And keep me from misery?"
- 5 Says he, "I've got six ships at sea,
All sailing to dry land,
One hundred and ten of your own countrymen,
Love, they shall be at your command!"
- 6 She took her babe upon her knee
And kissed it one, two and three,
Saying, — "Stay at home, my darling sweet babe,
And keep your father's company!"
- 7 They had not sailed four weeks or more,
Four weeks, or scarcely three,
When she thought of her darling sweet babe at home,
And she wept most bitterly.
- 8 Says he, — "Are you weeping for gold, my love,
Or are you weeping for fear,
Or are you weeping for your House-Carpenter,
That you left and followed me?"
- 9 "I am not weeping for gold," she replied,
"Nor am I weeping for fear,
But I am weeping alone for my sweet little babe,
That I left with my House-Carpenter."
- 10 "Oh, dry up your tears, my own true love,
And cease your weeping," — cried he,
"For soon you'll see your own happy home,
On the banks of old Tennessee!"
- 11 They had not sailed five weeks or more,
Five weeks, or scarcely four,
When the ship struck a rock and sprang aleak,
And they never were seen any more.

- 12 A curse be on the sea-faring men,
 Oh, cursed be their lives,
For while they are robbing the House-Carpenter,
 And coaxing away their wives.

XII. YOUNG BEICHAN.

A.

"Lord Bakeman, who was taken by the Turks and put in prison, and afterwards released by the jailor's daughter, whom he married." Printed by Nathaniel Coverly, jun., Milk-Street, corner Theatre Alley, Boston.

Transcribed by me, October 15, 1904, from a copy in the Isaiah Thomas collection of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

- 1 In India lived a noble Lord,
 His riches were beyond compare,
He was the darling of his parents,
 And of their estate an only heir.
- 2 He had gold and he had silver,
 And he had houses of a high degree,
But still he never could be contented,
 Until a voyage he had been to sea.
- 3 He sailed east and he sailed west,
 Until he came to the Turkish shore,
Where he was taken and put in prison,
 Where he could neither see nor hear.
- 4 For seven long months he lay lamenting,
 He laid lamenting in iron bands,
There happened to be a brisk young lady,
 Which set him free from his iron chains.
- 5 The jailor had one only daughter,
 A brisk young lady gay was she, —
As she was walking across the floor,
 She chanced Lord Bakeman for to see.
- 6 She stole the keys of her father's prison,
 And said Lord Bakeman she would set free.
She went unto the prison door,
 And opened it without delay.
- 7 "Have you got gold, or have you got silver,
 Or have you got houses of a high degree,
What will you give to the lady fair,
 If she from bondage will set you free?"

Journal of American Folk-Lore.

- 8 "Yes, I've got gold, and I've got silver,
And I've got houses of a high degree,
I'll give them all to the lady fair,
If she from bondage will set me free."
- 9 "It's not your silver, no nor gold,
Nor yet your houses with a high degree,
'T is all I want is to make me happy,
And all I crave is your fair body!"
- 10 "Let us make a bargain, and make it strong,
For seven long years it shall stand,
You shall not wed with no other woman,
And I'll not wed with no other man!"
- 11 When seven long years were gone and past,
And seven long years were at an end,
She packed up all her richest clothing,
Saying, "Now I'll go and seek my friend."
- 12 She sailed east, and she sailed west,
Until she came to the India shore,
And there she never could be contented,
Till for her true love she did inquire.
- 13 She inquired for Lord Bakeman's palace,
At every corner of the street,
She inquired after Lord Bakeman's palace,
Of every person she chanced to meet.
- 14 And when she came to Lord Bakeman's palace,
She knocked so loud upon the ring,
There's none so ready as the brisk young porter,
To arise and let this fair lady in.
- 15 She asked "if this was Lord Bakeman's palace,
Or is the Lord himself within?"
"Yes, yes," reply'd the brisk young porter,
"He and his bride have just entered in."
- 16 She wept, she wept and wrung her hands,
Crying "Alas! I am undone!
I wish I was in my native country,
Across the sea, there to remain."
- 17 "Ask him to send me one ounce of bread,
And a bottle of his wine so strong,
And ask him if he's forgot the lady,
That let him free from his iron chains."

- 18 The porter went in unto his master,
And bowed low upon his knee, —
“ Arise, arise, my brisk young porter,
And tell me what the matter is ? ”
- 19 “ There is a lady stands at your gate,
And she doth weep most bitterly,
I think she is as fine a creature,
That ever I wish my eyes did see.
- 20 “ She ’s got more rings on her forefingers,
And round her waist has diamond strings,
She ’s got more gold about her clothing,
Than your new bride and all her kin.
- 21 “ She wants you to send her one ounce of bread,
And a bottle of your wine so strong,
And asks if you have forgot the lady,
That set you free from your iron chains.”
- 22 He stamped his foot upon the floor,
He broke the table in pieces three,
“ Here ’s adieu to you, my wedded bride,
For this fair Lady I will go see ! ”
- 23 Then up bespoke the new bride’s mother,
And she was a lady of a high degree,
“ ’T is you have made a bride of my daughter, — ”
“ Well, she is none the worse for me,
- 24 “ But since my fair one has arrived,
A second wedding there shall be,
Your daughter came on a horse and saddle,
She may go home in her coach and three.”
- 25 He took this fair lady by the hand,
And led her over the marble stones,
He changed her name from Susannah fair,
And now is the wife of Lord Bakeman.
- 26 He took her by her lily-white hand,
And led her through from room to room,
He has changed her name from Susannah fair,
And is called the wife of Lord Bakeman.

XIII. THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

A.

"Blow ye winds, blow." No. 3, in "Family Songs," compiled by Rosa S. Allen, in whose family it has been traditional for many generations.

You must make me a fine Hol - land shirt: Blow, blow,
 blow, ye winds blow. And not have in it a
 stitch of nee - dle-work: Blow, ye winds that a - rise, blow, blow.

- 1 You must make me a fine Holland shirt :
 Blow, blow, blow, ye winds blow.
 And not have in it a stitch of needle-work :
 Blow, ye winds that arise, blow, blow.
- 2 You must wash it in yonder spring,
 Where there 's never a drop of water in.
- 3 You must dry it on yonder thorn,
 Where the sun never yet shone on.
- 4 My father 's got an acre of land,
 You must dig it with a goose quill.
- 5 You must sow it with one seed,
 You must reap it with your thumb nail.
- 6 You must thrash it on yonder sea,
 And not get it wet, or let a kernel be.
- 7 You must grind it on yonder hill,
 Where there yet has ne'er stood a mill.
- 8 When you 've done, and finished your work,
 Bring it unto me, and you shall have your shirt.

Traditional Ballads in New England.

213

B.

Recorded about 1875, by S. A. F., Providence, R. I., from the singing of an aged man, born in the year 1800.

The musical notation is written on four staves in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes.

I want you to make me a cam - bric shirt,
Pars - ley and sage, rose - ma - ry and thyme, With -
out a - ny nee - dle or a - ny fine work, And
then you shall be a true lov - er of mine.

- 1 I want you to make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley and sage, rosemary and thyme,
Without any needle or any fine work,
And then you shall be a true lover of mine.
- 2 Go wash it out in yonder well,
Where there's never no water nor drop of rain fell.
- 3 Go hang it out on yonder thorn,
Where there's never no blossom, since Adam was born.
- 4 Now, since you have asked me questions three,
I pray you would grant me the same liberty.
- 5 I want you to buy me an acre of land,
Between the salt water and the sea sand.
- 6 Go plough it all up with one cuckold's horn,
Go sow it all down with one peppercorn.
- 7 Go reap it all up with a sickle of leather,
And bind it all up with one cock's feather.

C.

Contributed March, 1904, by I. L. M., Vineland, N. J., formerly of Lynn, Mass.

- 1 You go and make me a cambric shirt,
Let every rose grow merry in time,

Without any seam or needlework,
Then you shall be a true lover of mine.

- 2 Go wash it out on yonder hill,
Where rain never was, and dew never fell.
- 3 Go hang it out on yonder thorn,
That never was budded since Adam was born.
- 4 And now you have asked me questions three,
I hope you 'll answer as many for me.
- 5 You go and buy me an acre of land,
Between the salt water and the sea sand.
- 6 Go plough it all o'er with an old ram's horn,
Go sow it all o'er with one peppercorn.
- 7 Go reap it all down with a peacock's feather,
Go thrash it all out with the sting of an adder.
- 8 And when you have done, and finished your work,
Come unto me, and I will give you the shirt.

D.

"Love's Impossibility." From "Songs for the Million," printed in this country about 1844. Contributed by J. E. W., Boston, Mass.

- 1 Canst thou make me a cambric shirt, —
Savory, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Without e'er a needle, or one stitch of work,
And I will be a true lovier of thine,
And I will be a true lovier of thine.
- 2 Canst thou wash it at yonder well,
Whose water ne'er sprung, nor rain ever fell?
- 3 Canst thou dry it at yonder thorn,
Where blossoms ne'er blew, since Adam was born?
- 4 Canst thou buy me an acre of land,
Betwixt the salt water and the sea sand?
- 5 Canst thou plough it with a cow's horn,
And sow it all over with one peppercorn?
- 6 Canst thou reap it with straps of leather,
And tie it all up in a peacock's feather?

Phillips Barry.